

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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## UNITY.

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## Editorial.

CULTURE comes by the neglect of many books and attention to a few.

LET us be sober once in a while; the feverish appetite for fun among the favored children of America is not a flattering trait.

SAID Thomas Starr King, "A hundred volumes might be selected, the complete mastery of which would make a man a better scholar than any we have in our country to-day."

TO KNOW how to use a magnifying glass may do more to educate a child than a year in college. To know a bird by his song is a finer accomplishment in a young lady than the power of indifferently playing the piano.

TALK to your children about those things which they learn from others at the risk of their delicacy and modesty. That which, when told by father or mother blesses, when discovered through contact with the impure is sure to blight.

OUR growing list of Unity Mission Tracts has just received a valuable addition in the completion of a new set of responsive services, consisting of eight readings with music, under the headings Truth, Righteousness, Love, The God Within, Worship, The True service, Consolation, The Higher Law. This, with the two tract Hymn Books, Songs of Faith, Hope and Charity (Unity

Mission No. 11), and Love to God and Love to Man (Unity Mission No. 28) will make a complete little Hymn and Service Book, valuable to small societies and Sunday circles. Our readers will be interested to know that the eighth service in this collection is the work of Mr. W. M. Salter. Price of the new tract, and of each of the two others mentioned, eight cents.

THIS is a world to which all, rich or poor, wise and simple, high and low belong. By virtue of the discovery that we are here, and of the imperishable instinct of growth within, we claim the right to life's richest opportunities, by the faithful discharge of which we increase the measure of the same for the rest of mankind, and so become co-workers with the Highest.

MORE and more we are coming to understand that true religion is based on respect for man, belief in the "dignity of human nature," as Channing taught it. Man, not the child of sin and death, with natural desires and tendencies all pointing downwards, but the child of the eternal love and wisdom ruling the world; less afraid of punishment to come in another state of existence than of the present evil results of idleness and wrong-doing here.

No greater blessing can fall to man or woman than a task to perform, the opportunity to do some needed work in the world. Those social philosophers, who speak of work as drudgery, are in profound error. Man works not more because he must than because he would. The hand and brain are but outlets of spiritual forces within, and only through their activity can the lesson of life's full worth and meaning be learned.

"I AM willing" says Dr. Patton, "that somewhere in the Confession there should be placed a declaration of God's love for the world." The New York Times thinks such a declaration would have much the effect of the "plank" inserted in the last Republican platform, proclaiming the general sympathy of the party with temperance, after an explicit expression of a readiness to take the taxes from the traffic in liquor.

No institution in Chicago has worked more modestly and with greater success for the amount of money invested than the Athenæum, which held its 19th Anniversary meeting at Recital Hall last Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled, a large number of the attendants being the bright-looking boys and girls, young men and young women, who have profited by the instruction of this institution. It was a hopeful meeting. Superintendent Galvin, under whose administration the Athenæum has seen its most prosperous days, reported the total receipts of the year as \$26,983, a gain of 121 per cent. in five years. The institution is entirely out of debt, overflowing its present quarters in every room and sadly needing a home of its own. This "home of its own," President Ferd W. Peck announced, as one speaking with authority, will soon be found. Arrangements are fast approaching completion, which will secure to it the permanent possession of a large and suitably-arranged building in the most favorable locality in the city. It is a source of congratulation, that this institution, born out of the dark days immediately following the fire, has crept steadily, by dint of hard work, to its present position, where it deserves and

receives generous public recognition. This is the seed which W. A. Baldwin of the Boston *Christian Union* helped to plant, and which C. W. Wendte watered so diligently in the earlier years, and which in latter years was trained by T. B. Forbush and others into its present position of usefulness and efficiency.

THIS is the season of crowded study and feverish preparation for the final examination in our public schools. The boys and girls bring their books home, and spend the hours usually devoted to play, in cramming for this dreaded ordeal. If the examination imposed a fair test on the pupil's powers, or its results stood for a just measure of his attainments, we should have nothing to say, but it is coming to be generally admitted among educators that it does nothing of the kind. Already many teachers have abolished it, and pupils are advanced from one grade to another upon their average standing, or the teacher's recommendation. Nothing is more evident than that the pupil never does so poorly as when, with nerves unstrung and mind distracted with the fear of failure, he is put under pressure of this final exercise. Skill and memory alike fail him, and questions he would answer at ease under normal conditions become a complete puzzle. Our sympathies are with the young innocents whose mental powers and happiness are alike murdered by the tortuous processes of examination-day.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE is an organization formed for the protection of American institutions, and incorporated in New York last December. One of its most important objects is "to prevent all sectarian or denominational appropriations of public funds." It is composed of prominent citizens of New York, with Hon. John Jay as president. The first work of the League is the advocacy of an amendment to the Federal constitution, which has been sent out for approval to all the leading statesmen, jurists, clergymen and teachers, in the land. The amendment is similar to one proposed by Gen. Grant during his administration at the White House, and introduced to the house by Mr. Blaine, where it won an approving vote of 180 to 7, but was lost in the senate. The amendment reads as follows, and will, we are sure, command the hearty approval of the readers of UNITY:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Springfield Republican*, who claims to be "conservative," affirms that the issue made with the American Board has much less to do with theology than is generally supposed. It is evident that certain theological differences, which have long existed, are now pushed to the front and greatly emphasised. These differences are less the cause than the excuse for the conflict now raging. The real trouble is of another sort. The Congregationalists are tired of being dominated by a local clique. In short, as the writer says: "It is the fight of a denomination with a machine." However much or little truth there may be in this view of the case, it must always happen that, where it

becomes the aim of one party to ignore, publicly degrade, or rule out another party, when only equal recognition and the granting of equal rights can build up the common cause, there, sooner or later, friction and opposition ensue. And in most denominations the splits and schisms have sprung from the feeling that to preserve either faith or freedom, the tyranny of the machine, must be resisted.

MR. R. H. STODDARD is to contribute a paper on George H. Boker to *Lippincott's Magazine*, in which he prints the following extract from one of Boker's letters: "This waiting for the Muse is a mistake,—altogether a mistake. You must go to her. True, there are times when no poet can write; but how are you to know of your unproductive seasons without a fair trial? Read used to tell a story of some Yankee poet who resolved to wait for an impulse from the Muse; he waited thirty years, and at the end of that time concluded himself no poet, although his youthful poems gave promise of great things. That man, perhaps, wanted but industry to make him immortal. I hold that there is a labor connected with all great literary achievements, sufficient to drive any but a man of genius stark mad. This the world will never believe. It has an idea that poets write as birds sing, and it is this very false idea which robs us of half our honors. Were poetry forged upon the anvil, cut out with the axe, or spun in the mill, my heaven, how men would wonder at the process! What power, what toil, what ingenuity."

### HOW TO TAKE A VACATION.

"Lake-side, sea-side or mountain, which?" "Are you going to the seashore, or to Colorado?" "Will it be Waukesha or Minnetonka, Clear Lake or the Dells?" These are some of the questions that are agitating the mind of some people in these days. To those who have time and money to answer such questions as these in a way to accept some one of the various alternatives, we are not now speaking. But to the thousands who are not able to profit by any of these alternatives, yet to whom the closed schools, the closed churches and the diminished strain in certain quarters make not only rest and recreation a necessity, but a duty. The above questions are often distracting and misleading. Why not take a vacation without going to any of these places? It is a part of the deplorable blindness of our fashion-led eyes that they see no bewitching beauty except in conventional resorts. There is something very pauper-like in the soul that finds delightful surroundings only in advertised places of resort, and along routes laid out in Tourists' Guides. "Why go to Italy to see what you may see from your own kitchen door," asks Emerson. The grass that in Concord "plots and plans what it will do when it is man," grows also in Illinois; and the "mud and scum of things," in which there is always something that sings, may be found without spending any money on railroad fares in the search. There is a large element of disappointment and weariness in the vacation sought along the professional lines; while on the other hand, there is a surprising amount of unexpected refreshment in a few days, or even a few hours spent along the unsought byways, and in the unexpected possibilities of the common places. Delight and healing are not found in the ex-



ceptional but in the universal elements of nature. One can scarcely go amiss in those northern latitudes of sunshine, clear air and wholesome water, fresh milk, good bread and butter, thrifty farming, honest, noble and peculiar human nature. Where these are found, recreation is possible, and these can always be found without going very far away from home, if one foresees the railroad and takes to the high-ways and by-ways. Without spending much time in discussing directions one would not go much amiss if where he stood he let a staff fall and then traveled in the direction in which it fell. Within twenty miles from the center even of Chicago, where poverty of surroundings as far as natural scenery is concerned is often dwelt upon, he would come to the place where black spotted Holstein or the fawn-faced Jerseys can be seen standing knee deep in fragrant clover fields, where there are bewitching little glens with brooks and skirting shade trees, if he knows how to find them. Even the much abused prairie now yields elms, maple and ash, to delight the landscape painter, and which, if worthily transferred to canvass, would grace the costliest drawing room. He may also find the roads skirted with charming wayside flowers, familiar and not unattractive weeds, as well as the cows and farm sights that delight the city-weary eyes. Men and women are at work in the meadows. The harvesters are gathering in the golden grain. There are school-houses at the cross roads, with bare-footed boys and girls, idyllic in their robustness. He may find also the church with its spire of whittled pine and its grass grown graves, and he will meet bumptious laborers and tired women, with tragedy in their faces. To crown it all he can carry in his pocket the best novel in the English language, whatever it may be, at a cost of not more than fifty cents.

According to the idiom of our language we use the pronoun "he" but it is meant for "she" also. There is nothing to prevent the tired school mistress as well as the fagged minister drinking in from six to eighteen miles of such healing in a day, at a cost of from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. This vacation may be taken afoot, on horseback or on wheels, in solitude or in company. We look for the time when the roadsides and lakesides, the slopes and ravines of the much neglected northern Mississippi Valley, will be marked during the months of July and August by these cosy, gyping parties of intelligent men and women, feasting the eyes on that which it needs no guide-book to describe; growing strong, renewing youth without submitting to the expensive delusion of remote "resorts" and notorious localities. The mountains and the sea are welcome ministrants to souls, but god has not "left himself without a witness" on the flowing prairie and 'mid the humble and ever present walks of the common nature and the common human nature found in the supposed prosy West.

There is a sunset every where once in every twenty-four hours, and a sunrise as often and as universal. Cornfields are great in August, butterflies and bumblebees are out in July, and these are within reach in greater or less degree to all our readers.

"How to take a vacation? Turn awhile from care to the soft delights of dreaming; let nature speak to you. "Where will you take your vacation?" Wherever you may be, if you have no money to go elsewhere. Get the most out-of-doors for the least money, the most humane nature for the least worry, the most air and water with the fewest clothes consistent with propriety, and the most thoughts in the fewest pages of reading and you will have driven a good bargain, you will have had a successful vacation.

Nor one man in a thousand enters the temple of a creed in which he does not believe with any reverence, or even any interest beyond vulgar curiosity.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

## NATURAL RELIGION.

Natural *versus* revealed? No, natural *versus* unnatural.

The religion of my childhood recognized a sharp difference between things secular and things sacred. It would seem that there could have been no legal obstacle to their wedlock. There was no trace of consanguinity between them. And still marriage was out of the question, or, if consummated, of no abiding fertility. They belonged to different species. The pastoral call was, in those days, *sui generis*, a unique feature in social intercourse. It was not expected to be like anything else in the earth beneath, whatever relationship it might bear to customs prevalent in more remote regions of the universe. The minister, in his professional round, came as the bearer of an unnatural religion, an importation from some other country, and one with which our commerce was very limited. At sometime before the call was over, it was his duty to "introduce" the subject of our souls' welfare. What a frigidly far away sound that word "introduce" had in my young ears! The mere recollection of it now is chilling. As though God had to be formally presented to us by some special usher, instead of being the atmosphere we had all along been breathing! As though I had not been living the true life of the soul while exhibiting the calves on which I lavished my care, or offering the first fruits of the dear old apple tree as my contribution to the good cheer of the day. The minister's call was an event. It meant a suspension of the farm work, and a dinner somewhat more bountiful than usual, and—that "introduction." And the introduction of an unnatural religion in the midst of conditions so overflowing natural was sometimes a task of no small difficulty. We had as our pastor during this period a man of a royal spirit, a man who understood children and drew them to him with ways most winning. My good father and mother had somehow lived up to this time without feeling any imperative need of being born again. One particular pastoral call during these years has left a vivid remembrance. It was especially designed to bring about, if possible, their conversion. The minister came, accompanied by a brother or two to reinforce his influence. Every body knew the purpose of the visit; but no one seemed ready to break the ice. It was so much easier and more enjoyable to talk about anything else rather than this unnatural religion. At last my father himself took the initiative by telling his visitors that he knew what they had come for, and inviting them to proceed. Two or three years passed. The "old folks" had been won. It was now time for us boys to take our turn. The good minister came again. We were not, however, so clever or considerate as father had been in relieving his embarrassment. The time slipped away, but nothing was said, that is, nothing except what it was natural to say. It is so hard to "talk religion" when religion is divorced from the robin and the rose, so hard to speak of our Father in Heaven, with the emphasis on Heaven instead of Father! The wagon was at the door, the visit seemed ended, and our souls were not saved. I began to think that they were not going to be, when at the very last moment the sweet-souled pastor stepped up to where we were standing and said something about our loving Jesus; and as he did so, he gave the horse's head a kindly stroke, instinctively hinting that while his tongue talked of some far away life his affections were here. And thus he relieved religion of a little of its unnaturalness. Things sacred and things secular approached one another a trifle. I am inclined to think that that caress was somewhat responsible for my "conversion." There was a certain vagueness in my saying that I loved Jesus whom I had not seen. And still it was easier to say it after the good clergyman's tender touch had suggested that

that love was not entirely out of harmony with my instinctive farmer boy's love for the horse that I had seen.

These reminiscences of the early days when the subject of religion was approached so rarely, hardly ever indeed, except from a sense of duty, stand out in sharp contrast with the happier experience of dealing with a natural religion. It used to be so hard to "talk religion!" And now it is so hard to talk anything else! Let God be the Good, and Heaven here, and piety consist of simple straightforward brotherly living, and how natural it all seems! Easier now to talk about religion than about the weather even, and a great deal more interesting. A person born and bred in the atmosphere of a liberal faith can hardly appreciate the weird repellent tone which is given to the things of the soul by an unnatural religion. In a genuine new birth, one comes to see that there is no distinction between sacred and secular, because the secular is sacred, that prayer means not finding God by withdrawing from worldly things, but feeling his presence as their real secret, that in a word the religious life is not something other than our common everyday life, but only that life viewed in its larger and more lasting relations. In a genuine new birth one comes to appreciate that nothing else is so natural as religion!

This stream of memories and reflections was set flowing by the perusal of a very remarkable and stimulating book fresh from the press. \*From the standpoint of natural religion our social life is one; from the standpoint of natural religion all thought and life are one. The experiences of a genuinely religious life are to be sought, not by withdrawing from the world, but by living truly in the world. The facts on which the religion of the future is to rest are to be sought, not in any unnatural or supernatural realm, and not solely in the rhapsodies of the poet and seer, or even in the speculations of the philosopher, but in the output of biologist and geologist and chemist as well. Mr. Bryant's thought is concisely summed up in his closing paragraph: "The World Energy is God. Its self-conservation is the eternal process of Creation. Evolution is the temporal aspect of this process. The self-unfolding of God culminates in man, for man is the son of God."

Our author insists that the ultimate Reality or Absolute Being can be rightly called the Unknowable only in a relative sense; that is, in the sense that we can only progressively learn all there is to know about it, that we can never absolutely know it in the sense of having attained an absolute, complete knowledge of it in all its infinitely manifold details. The comment is in line with a growing conviction among even the warmest admirers of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Whether this Unknowable is to be accepted as the heart of the universe, depends upon whether the Unknowable means the all not knowable or the not all knowable.

The special interest of Mr. Bryant's book for us however, is in the testimony it offers to the essential religiousness of scientific and philosophic thought. We need make no effort to reconcile science and religion. Be really scientific and you cannot well help being religious.

H. D. M.

THERE are at the bottom but two possible religions,—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes shape in moral commandments; and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe.—*Froude.*

THE soul may be as truly prostrated when you stand, or walk, or ride, or work, or lie in your bed, as when you kneel before the altar.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

BISHOP SOUTH said that two-thirds of Christianity is a Christian temper.

\*The World-Energy and its Self-conservation. By William M. Bryant, Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. \$1.50.

## MEN AND THINGS.

HUSBAND (weak and wavering)—"What shall we do, dear, when the wolf comes to the door?" WIFE (strong and confident)—"Thank Heaven that we've got a door."—*Washington Star.*

THREE thousand women in Greece have sent in a petition to the king praying that their sex may receive the same educational advantages as men. "Fit us to rear our sons," they say, "and we will show you how much we can do for you and Greece."

REV. S. J. BARROWS, in his speech at the New England Suffrage Festival, spoke of Lot's wife as the "first remonstrant" who belonged to a highly respectable family "owning a great deal of real estate in the Back Bay of Sodom."

A WRITER in the *Critic*, speaking of a recent article by John S. Dwight in the *Unitarian Review*, on Common Sense, tells us that Mr. Dwight is now seventy-seven years of age, and terms him one of the "young old men of Boston."

A CONGREGATIONAL friend, loyal to her own household, yet with a heart large enough to take in all the world outside, recently expressed to us her hearty and growing satisfaction in UNITY. "I would give up every other paper before that," she said.

OUR associate, H. M. Simmons, started on a European trip of three months, last Sunday night. He is able to do this through the thoughtful remembrance of a deceased parishioner. We know of no one who carries a sharper pair of eyes than this brother, and we hope that our readers may profit by the same. In some good time this will come about.

THE relation of Education to Crime is one of continually-renewed discussion in our public prints and on the platforms of our sociological conventions. Our friend, Prof. A. W. Gould of Manistee, is the last one to speak on this subject, contributing an able and interesting paper to the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

AMONG the late anniversaries at Boston was the annual meeting of the Association of Women Ministers at the Church of the Disciples. We are indebted to the secretary, Mary L. Graves, for a printed report of the meeting. Julia Ward Howe, whom the writer speaks of as "unordained but consecrated," is the president of the association.

WE clip the following from the *Independent*: "One who visits our churches and sees how many times the bonnets in the pews outnumber the uncovered heads, is inclined to appreciate the emphasis of the witty English preacher of the last century who, on looking over his congregation, opened the Psalter and read: 'O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men.'"

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, in the last number of All Souls Monthly, speaks of Mr. Gannett's "beautiful utterance concerning prayer," at the National Conference in Philadelphia last October. It was reserved to one of the members of Mr. Gannett's own household of faith, to call attention through the *Unitarian Review*, to the insidious and dangerous character of this same utterance.

THE friends of Susan B. Anthony are engaged in the worthy enterprise of raising funds to defray the expenses of a portrait bust to be placed in the gallery of distinguished women at the World's Fair. Miss Frances Willard started the movement with a subscription of \$25 00, and it is said she will be responsible for the right use of the money. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, Galva, Henry Co., Ill.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH of Indianapolis—Rev. Hugh McCullough—recently held a Memorial meeting in honor of Robert Browning. A neat and tempting programme has reached us, with familiar quotations from the poet scattered all through. "Browning, the Man and His Mission," was the subject of one of the evening's essays, and another dealt with the subject of "Unconscious Influence," as illustrated in the story of Little Pippa. Songs and voluntaries helped to complete a very interesting programme, and the occasion was one to be long remembered by those who took part in it.

PLEASANT tidings reaches us of the work of Miss Helen S. Putnam of Jamestown, N. D. One of the papers of Boudh, S. D., speaks in cordial terms of her visit to that place, where "her clear, logical statement of the doctrine of Unitarianism removed the cloud of doubt and wrong impression from the minds of many as to the real truth of its creed." One who heard her, writes in a private letter, expressing equal satisfaction with the results of this visit. "After the sermon I found my dream fulfilled that there were more than enough of the best, the very best people, to form a society and have a circle or club."

THE St. Louis member of our staff writes in a congratulatory mood of the work done at the anniversary meeting. He thinks "liberalism has prevailed more than ever this year," and that a "wide and deep sympathy with Western Conference principles" is to be found in Boston. Concerning the election of a Western member on the board of the A. U. A. he expresses the general feeling of the friends of the W. U. C. when he says the 121 votes against the regular ticket marked an unlooked-for advance of sentiment towards the coming happy readjustment of Unitarian difficulties.



## Contributed and Selected.

### SUN-GLEAMS.

As silent as the sun-gleam in the forest,  
As quiet as the shadows on the hill,  
Is the shining of the Spirit in our dimness,  
Is the falling of its calm upon the will.

And subtler than the sun-lift in the leaf-bud,  
That thrills through all the forest, making  
May,

And stronger than the strength that plants  
the mountains,  
Is that shining in the heart-lands, bringing  
day.

W. C. Gannett in *Jabberwock*.

### TEMPERANCE REFORM.

In the early days of temperance reform inebriates were cautioned against sudden abandonment of drink lest it should injure health, but experiment has abundantly proved that the all-at-once-and-forever plan is safest. One of the founders of the Washington organization, Mr. Wright, first resolved on a prudent gradual reform, giving himself a year to "taper off in." At the end of that time finding that he had been tapering *on* instead of *off*, he resolved on a square all-at-once quit and succeeded. A less noted reformed drinker and lecturer, having to reach a distant appointment on foot, thought to sustain his strength for the journey by a liquor tonic. It resulted in his being picked up near his appointment, dead drunk, and by hoodlum boys trundled into the lecture room on a wheelbarrow. Kentucky's great orator, Tom Marshall, after a brilliant entrance on reform work as a temperance lecturer, took a glass to brace up for a duel; fell from grace and died a drunkard. This quitting drink by degrees, or on condition of occasional indulgence, is a most dangerous way of quitting; and he who must drink a little to keep up strength to quit with, will quit about as fast as he would put out fire by application of fuel. Alcoholic stimulants produce unnatural conditions which hold control so long as the stimulant is applied. The man who lessens his grog without quitting it, reduces stimulated strength, and increases rather than lessens the craving for drink. The will power, standing up against the double pressure of physical weakness and craving appetite in a protracted struggle, often surrenders from sheer exhaustion, and the battle and the man are lost. But when the drink is fully abandoned, healthful conditions resume, natural strength comes to the support of the will, and from the first bold dash for life and liberty, there is progress towards safety. The false theory that moderate or occasional stimulation is compatible with reform, has led its thousands, through fruitless endeavor, to drunkards' graves. Under various guise it has been incorporated into many reform movements and wrought their wreck. Many such temperance organizations, with conditional pledges, and reserved drink privileges, have in the language of one writing their history—"all died of drunkenness." Shifting from one drink intoxicant to another, is but continuing the same poison with a change of flavoring. England's famous "free beer bill" that was to have supplanted whisky and brandy by abundance of cheap beer, deluged that country with beer, drunkenness and crime. Our wine substitute and remedy gave us a foretaste of its potency in the great centennial wine debauch. Satan does not cast out Satan nor help to do it. I seriously fear to, that the liquor license tax, which as a restrictive measure, I, with others, have advocated for years, is being captured by liquor dealers and turned to their account. Distillers, brewers and large dealers have discovered that high tax lessens the number of saloons, without much reduction of the aggregate sales; that it costs much less to run fifty saloons than a hundred, while they sell nearly the same amount of liquor. The difference in cost of sales is a saving that would pay an enormously high tax, and yet be profitable. So they are quietly favoring high license, and following the drift of capital to monopoly by reducing

the number of saloons and taking control of the remainder. English capitalists see the opening, and are buying up American breweries, evidently with intention of absorbing and controlling the saloon trade as in England. It seems important that temperance people have their eyes open to this matter. Probably a large majority of temperance people read with much satisfaction current reports of license raised and saloons closed; while the liquor dealers are equally well pleased with the work, and more pleased with its effect in allaying the pressure of temperance sentiment. Evidently it will require a much higher tax than as yet been imposed to seriously lessen the drink evil. Statistics gathered from police records show, by comparison of high licensed with low licensed cities, that there is but a very slight difference in number of arrests proportionate to population. These statistics, a leading liquor paper frankly admits, "will withstand the most critical scrutiny." I think the approbation of liquor dealers contributes largely to the late swell in the high license wave, and I look for "breakers ahead." Whether in individual effort, fraternal organization, or in public measures, I have no faith in joint liquor and temperance movements. They remind me of a little incident in railroad business. Two competing lines of road arranged to form a junction and run a considerable distance on a single track to an important terminus. Very naturally a question arose about preference in right of way on the single track. The superintendents of their respective lines met for mutual arrangement. One said "I will allow you the preference on the first three-fourths of the way from the junction, if you will allow it to us on the one-fourth next the terminus." To which the other promptly answered: "What good would a road from here to heaven do me if the devil held the terminus?" I have never known a temperance and liquor partnership in which the liquor failed to secure the "terminus."

M. WILCOX.

### OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The lessons of anniversary week have been, as usual, experiences of disappointment and of gladness. The triad of anniversary reports, of speeches, more or less inspiring, and of social pleasures ought to be ennobling. It is when one hears it for the first time; after many years it becomes an old story, just as needed however, by the hearers, if they come. It is the old wine in new bottles we want. Yet no one except those in charge of an annual meeting can realize the difficulty in getting new bottles; metaphorically speaking that is, good, new speakers, or very good old speakers. Somebody always objects to some one; no one person is wanted by everybody; or if he is, and speaks everywhere, then it is asked why he should have all the chances, preventing others from the opportunities for growth in popular favor. This perhaps, is the clue to the difficulty. A public speaker can improve himself only in public. No private lessons in elocution, no previously conceived periods, take the place of the ready wit, which instantaneously adapts itself to the audience present, or masters the inconveniences of a situation, and, by some happy phrase, makes the speaker, who was indifferently regarded by the audience the moment before he rose, heard with eager interest ten minutes afterwards. On the whole, it may be safely assumed that the discussion of a motion, or of an amendment to an amendment, concerning some vital interest, engages the attention of an audience far more than the ordinary speech of an ordinary speaker, whether man or woman. Another person who has a hard time in an annual meeting is the secretary. If anything is related besides facts, too much time is occupied; if only facts are told the report is dry. If the secretary has ideas of his own, he is but the official representative of a society, and has no right to express them. Yet facts well told and a noble or interesting per-

sonality always interests an audience, as in Mrs. Fifield's admirable report at the Women's Auxiliary.

By far the most engaging personality of the past week has been that of Mrs. Chant, only her personality is herself. Her outward person and her inward spirit combine in making her wonderfully attractive, and in enduing her with rare power as a public speaker. Orator, she is. Others speak. She pours forth her utterances so rapidly that no reporter can justly report her, save the beloved and accomplished friend, Mrs. Barrows. That Mrs. Chant spoke two years ago with fervor, beauty and truth we all remembered, but it has seemed to us in Boston that in this visit she has also spoken with more reasoned power, with more sequence of thought, and on more varied topics than before. She has never repeated herself in the twenty-one times that she has spoken here. She has shown herself as able to confine her words to five minutes as to let the stream of her eloquence rush along for an hour. She is a reformer, but first she is a lady. It is her possession of grace and tact, of appeal and pathos, which enables all to listen to her with delight. Her most fervid, tender speech was on the need for social purity before the Moral Education Association. She spoke for over an hour, (by request,) with a delicacy and truth seldom equalled. Her sermon on "The Life to Come," at Mr. Savage's church, was a steady proof of the reality of the next life; a moral necessity arising out of the problems and miseries, the loves and duties, and self-developments of this life. Its diction was simple, its imagery perfect, its pathos had the force of logic. Her address at the Church Temperance Society was admirable in its strength and calmness, and in the little touches of humor with which she relieved its gravity. Her talk to the girls at the N. E. Conservatory was personal and straightforward. She had two drawing-room meetings at friend's houses, where she treated with such skill the difficulties in training one's daughters in what women should be, that the holiness of love became more precious, and the dignity of work more desirable. Her speech on Peace, at Park Street church, (orthodox) was full of good sense, as when she alluded to the military drill in our public schools as tending to foster a martial spirit. Her talks at children's meetings were sparkling with the moral hidden in an anecdote. Wherever she went the halls were crowded, way out on to the streets. At home, flowers and gifts, requests for autographs and personal interviews followed her. Two stanzas from her farewell to Boston, published the evening after she sailed, show her own feeling:

"Could ever heart of kindness give  
A welcome more endearing,  
In touch that holds, and words that live  
Now parting-time is nearing?"

Sweet Boston! loyal is thy love,  
And loyal is thy greeting;  
O keep for me, where'er I move,  
Dear memory of meeting."

Still I fancy that her dear Chicago home, with the friend she so dearly loves and honors there, stands first in her affections. Surely Mrs. Chant's oratory is worthy of study by women. Back of it lie the many years of personal helpfulness and suffering, through which unwittingly she was gaining her treasury of illustration. Her voice is deep, rich, full. She uses pure, simple, English words. Her manner is gay or earnest, intimate, persuasive or tenderly rebuking. No one can imitate it. It is hers alone. Then there is truth and power in her words. Surely it is not mere schools of elocution women need, but home training in manner and tact; and life training in usefulness and burden-bearing. Then when the need comes to speak, voice and manner invest the spoken thought with dignity and grace, until it becomes as natural for a woman to be an exalter of others by her platform power, as she already is a consoler by her home ministrations.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

## The Study Table.

*Palmer's New Pronouncing Pocket Dictionary of Musical Terms.* By H. R. Palmer, Mus. Doc. Published by the author, Lock Box, 2841, New York. Price 25 cents.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Palmer's publication of 1885, and contains definitions of 2500 terms and abbreviations used in music.

The object sought by the author, namely, to secure a uniform pronunciation and use of musical terminology, is certainly very desirable and probably, as he says in his preface, "In no better way can such uniformity be brought about than by a carefully-prepared Dictionary."

Mr. Palmer's work displays accurate knowledge and pains-taking, and is to be commended.

The book is of convenient size for carrying in the pocket and so may be used as a ready reference. Its price, too, places it quite within the means of all musical students, and there really remains no more excuse for the very common confusion of such terms as "notes" when "tones" are meant, or "scale" when "key" is intended, or for persistence in such barbarities of pronunciation as "al'lygro" for "allegro" (pronounced al-la'-gro) or "mezzo voce" (usually pronounced in three syllables as in English) instead of "mal'-so vo-tche" which is the correct, Italian pronunciation.

Mr. Palmer is not so accurate in his Latin as in his strictly musical definitions. We notice that *Te Deum Laudamus* he defines: "We praise Thee." He would have conveyed a better as well as more accurate meaning by a translation of the whole phrase. Again "A movement in a mass" is not a very clear definition of "Benedictus." It would have been well to denote which movement it is by giving the English equivalent, and there are others of similar character, but these are slight matters and in no wise detract from the value and usefulness of the work.

*Personalia.* By Edmund Gosse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, 75 cents.

The careful Browning student has known that, during all these years of Browning appreciation by those who study him, and of Browning ridicule by those who have not studied him, the only source of much available and reliable personal information concerning the poet was an article published in the *Century* magazine for December, 1881, from the pen of Edmund Gosse, a young literary friend, to whom the poet gave audience and confidence. Mr. Gosse has since that time put the reading world under obligation to him for many other things, and the Houghton-Mifflin house have rendered a service to literature by offering in a neat little book this original sketch of Mr. Gosse with other interesting material. To those who want really to begin an intelligent study of the writings of Robert Browning, which constitute a library by themselves, we know of no introduction so valuable as this little 75 cents "Personalia." In this connection, again we want to say that happy is the Browning student who comes into possession of the memorial volume published by the Boston Browning Society, which contains the eloquent and discriminating address of Dr. Everett, of the Cambridge Divinity School, with other memorial matter.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is said to be giving his time in Japan to a new religious epic, to be called "The Light of the World," and dealing with the life and teachings of the founder of Christianity.

## A PURE SOULED LIAR!

An Anonymous Novel. Original, American. Copyrighted. 191 pages. Mailed for 30 cents. "In many respects a remarkable book. Its title is a puzzle, its mechanical make-up is unique, and the plot of the story is altogether novel."—Saturday Evening Herald. "There is nothing unworthy here, either in morals or art."—American. "One of the strongest and most fascinating books of the season."—Northern Budget. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.



## Church Doon Pulpit.

### THE NEED OF MORE INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN THE CHURCH.

Read by Rev. N. M. Mann, at the Western Unitarian Conference, at All Souls Church, Chicago.

It is not too much to say that we are living in an intellectual age. If there are not mental giants in these days, it must be because the ordinary stature is larger than it was. Public instruction and the keen competition of our modern life have induced a mental activity in great classes of people, which is something marvelous. An increasing proportion of our young men and women receive the benefits of the higher education, and this equipment is coming to be thought needful where it once was not. Time was, and that not long since, when much schooling presupposed an intention to enter one of the "learned professions;" now there are hardly any such things as learned professions, so much is learning extended into other walks. If you take occasion on going among the clerks of a bank or a railroad office, or into a shop, to air your knowledge of science or of literature, you will do well to speak by the book, for the chances are that in that company there is some specialist who can lead you a long way. In almost any calling you are likely to run upon an amateur philosopher or student of some science of no mean attainments. I have fallen in with a hard-working cobbler, fast glued to his bench these twenty years, whose knowledge of Hegel fills me with amazement. Others I recall in no less laborious and yet more exacting occupations, whose work in microscopy, in astronomy, in geology, and in the various fields of biology, and even in literary production, has been admirable. The leading novel of the last year is by an English merchant. And these are only the more striking instances of mental activity that come to one's notice, not to be cited as exceptional, but rather as marking a tendency of the age in which we live.

At such a time the necessity of quickened intellectual life in the church ought to be very obvious. And to a casual observer of the appliances in use, this necessity might seem to be abundantly recognized. Looking over the country, or over the Christian world, we find, I think, more churches than school-houses; at any rate, they are much the better appointed and costlier structures, and are apparently designed as places of public religious instruction. Installed in these churches as teachers of the people, is a class of specially trained men, usually of rather superior natural gifts, from whom something considerable in this direction might reasonably be expected. Then there are Sunday schools for the children, Christian associations for the young men and women, publication societies turning out enormous quantities of literature, numerous periodicals, theological seminaries, and various other means of mental help, provided at a large expense.

Observing the machinery only, and not the working of it, we might well think a great deal is being done to make good the saying, "ye are the light of the world." But the practical results are disappointing. There is energy enough laid out, but the fact is, the great part of it is expended for heat rather than for illumination. The objective point is avowedly the heart; if thought is appealed to at all, it is generally with the ulterior purpose of exciting emotion. It is held to be the preacher's principal business to move his hearers; and, as that exercise costs little either to him or them, and is very agreeable all around. Mental effort means work. "Our week-days are crowned with work, people say. Give us something easy on Sunday! Give us a play! Sacred theatricals—let us have sacred theatricals! Unroll to us the drama of redemption!"

With this as the aim of preaching it becomes the aim of all the other

"means of grace;" and so the various and costly appliances for religious instruction go for less than they ought to. When we think of what secular education is doing in the way of enlightenment, dare we say of the church that it is the light of the world? It has lamps enough, but they seem to be mostly under a bushel, or burning in a furnace where they dispense a genial warmth, to be sure, but only a dim, religious light. The people feel good, but they do not see well. In fact, they hardly see at all. The popular dullness on religious questions, compared with the popular acuteness on most other questions that come under the purview of ordinary mortals, is phenomenal. From the day that the disciples of Jesus took his warning, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy," to mean that they should not buy bread of Pharisees, down to the time when it is reckoned schismatic in the freest churches to broaden the basis of fellowship, the human mind has shown an impermeability to religious ideas truly astonishing. In other fields of reflection the errors of men have had a certain dignity and rationality about them. Ptolemy's system of the universe, utterly false as it was, had in itself a wondrous perfection, and no one can study it even now without admiration of the work and the man. But how grotesque, how monstrous the products of religious error from first to last! And it is something astonishing how nerveless the grasp of religious ideas with many persons vigorous in all other directions. One thinks of Faraday, incomparable genius in experimental science, whose life-long religious connection was of the oddest imaginable. People too shrewd to be cheated in a business operation, fall into all sorts of delusions the instant they approach spiritual matters. The general enlightenment marking this time seems to be no bar to the spread of vagaries in whatever concerns the soul, nor any check upon the extravagance of the seers. The fortune-teller and astrologist advertises in the daily paper, and is consulted by telephone. And his patrons include people you would never suspect of such folly. Strange to say some of the brightest persons we know are deep in the meshes of one or another of the hallucinations now abroad. I shrink from calling the names of these 'osophies and 'isms lest I tread on the toes of some excellent persons to whom I speak. In religion there seem to be two abnormal classes, people wise beyond what is knowable, and people ignorant beyond what is endurable. The ignorance is hard to bear with because so often confined to this one field. How many there are whose conversation upon art, or science, or the last great novel, is an unending delight, who, if the subject of religion comes up, show by their silence, or yet more conclusively by their speech, that they have nothing to say! And this is the case not merely where the topics are confessedly deep and dark, not merely with people whose creeds are inexplicable, it reaches down to the simplest points of faith, and to people whose boast is that their beliefs are rational.

To account for this peculiar situation it needs to remember that down to recent years the study of religious questions has, time out of mind, been regarded as the function of a few, specially set apart for that work. The cure of the soul, as of the body, has been a professional matter. Just as we leave to the physician the treatment of our physical ills, with the perplexing hygiene problems involved, people have been accustomed for ages to leave to the priest the charge of all their spiritual complications. A modified form of that habit still survives. In almost all quarters the layman is held from dealing independently with his own doubts. Whatever question arises, there is some authority at hand to settle it, virtually forestalling any mental exercise in the questioner, and so enfeebling the faculty even to raise a question.

The habit of having at hand in priest or book the means of meeting summarily any issue that may come up, relieves the mind from all strain, and puts a quietus on the asking spirit. Who is going to be at great pains to look into a matter when he can know the truth as well, and even better, without looking into it? Then again religious problems are reputed to be of supreme moment, and the layman comes to feel that it is somehow extremely dangerous for him to meddle with them much. He holds, as he does in case of serious illness in his family, that the responsibility had best be thrown on the profession specially constituted to assume it.

This lack of independent thinking in the pews, so far as it still exists, reacts unfavorably upon the pulpit. The pulpit is not advanced by an excessive deference to its authority, it is rather degraded. With all the world looking up to you as an oracle, it is strange if in time you do not come to think you are one. And when once the preacher gets that idea, his usefulness is over, save as the perfunctory mouth-piece of infallibility. Depository of the truth, he has no need longer to search for truth. No matter what inanities he utters, they have henceforth the odor of sanctity. Hence a standard of preaching, which is one of the astounding features of this age. Hence the fact the most popular preacher in the country, the man who cannot get so far away, though he go to Joppa or Jericho, but that the telegraph or other magical device will give his sermon every Monday morning to the millions famishing for his word, is to this day innocent of having added one iota to the knowledge of mankind, or having uttered one new idea of any value. And this is the successful preacher, these the model sermons for young men who have aspirations to lead the flock of Christ! Do not blame them too much. It is the people who call the preachers, and indicate by their attendance at church the sort of preaching they like. And they know how to call very loudly for what they want. I think it will have to be owned that pulpit and pew are about equally at fault for the intellectual stagnation to be seen almost everywhere in the religious world. Each has managed to stupefy the other, and render nugatory, for any purpose of high mental stimulation, the imposing appliances of the church.

The great theme of the church has always been salvation. There are some reflections on that topic, quite out of the ordinary line, which seem to me worth making here. In the usual appeal to sinners all stress is laid on the importance of saving the soul; is it not time to suggest mildly the need of doing something to save the mind? Just what it is to lose the soul, is not clearly settled yet. Some say the soul is never clean gone; that the period of transgression is bounded absolutely, so that the most obstinate child of iniquity cannot possibly drop into utter perdition. I am not wise in that matter, and do not pretend to know. I should hope that these gracious conjectures might prove correct. But what it is to lose the mind, is much more within the range of our comprehension. Illustrations of it are unhappily only too frequent, often most appalling. Short of total loss of mind, there are various degrees of mental alienation. We lose, too, some strength of mind, without parting with our sanity, by any long inaction of the mental faculties. There is, we may say, a certain measure of intellectual power which was potential in us at first, a certain measure which we should have reached at this time if we had always used our gifts to the best advantage. Actually, I suppose we are all at this moment more or less short of that attainment. Whatever that shortage may be, it defines a loss—a loss at least of opportunity. In other words we have not gained all we might have gained. However, if we are sure we have gained anything we may take courage. The balance might have been on the other side! If we knew less,

or were less capable, now than a year ago, there would be mental decline; and be that decline ever so little, kept up long enough, we must become imbecile. It is unpleasant to think of, but suppose now an immortal being reduced to that state, doomed to roam the universe eternally, a confirmed lunatic! It is impossible to imagine what value immortality could have under such circumstances. It does not seem that saving the soul could be of any use if the mind were lost; indeed it is not in the least clear what such a situation could signify. We must come to this, that salvation, to have any sense in it, must include the reasoning, thinking nature of man; and that, accordingly, it is the office of the church to do something for the intellectual as well as for the moral and spiritual life. These three sides of our nature are more interdependent than we are apt to think. Religion has been held to deal only with the pieties and the moralities, but we cannot deal with anything rationally without some activity of mind. It is only in the forms and by the power of thought that we are able even to touch a question of ethics or of theology; and what we need is to bring to a handling of these questions the same command of our wits which we have learned to apply to other affairs of life.

This appears to be our special opportunity. Ours is the only Christian body that heartily and fearlessly welcomes the scientific method in its application to religious problems, and to us it naturally belongs not only to give a more frank and thoughtful tone to the discussion of those problems, but to stimulate in every possible way the intellectual life in our churches. With all the gateways of intelligence open to us, the ban off from every serviceable book, from every walk of science, with the scriptures of the nations before us, each bringing some added testimony to our rational faith, with all the lights from the world of nature and of man blending in harmony with our thought of God, it would seem that the conditions for mental activity could hardly be more favorable. Certainly people whom the realm of knowledge so invites ought to enter in and possess it. When every book of science is Unitarian literature, there ought not to be many of us to whom they are all sealed. Through some one, at least, of these beckoning windows the universe should have a familiar confiding look.

The problem is to wed knowledge and faith, for only in that way can faith be perpetuated. It must be a rational faith, for knowledge will join hands with no other. Has not providence appointed us to solemnize that marriage? The steps toward this lie in increasing in the church the incentives to study; in directing the minds of the people into paths that lead somewhere, to the avoidance of ballooning in airy fields of conjecture. Unfortunately the religious world has so long been fed on speculations, made with a bold assumption of knowledge where knowledge is unattainable, that an unnatural appetite has been created for that kind of sustenance, and to this there is ever a powerful temptation to cater. The old revelation induced a state of mind which calls loudly for a new revelation; and in this, as in all things, the supply answers to the demand. It cannot be said to the seers of these days that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy, or that there is anything, to the seventh heaven, that they have found it unlawful to utter. Very discouraging is all this to the plodding student, inducing a kind of stupor. When God and the angels speak, man is silent; the final authoritative word benumbs the human faculties. There is another and more excellent way, the way taken by the men of science, the way that has led to the glories of this modern age. The true revelation is that which breaks upon the inquiring mind in fulfillment of the assurance, "To him that knocks, it shall be opened." It is our part to encourage a knocking at all doors, but



not against walls where there are no doors; an earnest persistent quest of what the universe has to show us. All truth is God's truth, and all the avenues of knowledge lead to Him of whom rolling earth and jeweled sky are the manifestation. That fanciful distinction, once so rigidly drawn between the sacred and the profane, circumscribing a chosen people, a holy book, a holy day, a holy place, is vanishing. The sanctities have extended to embrace the whole creation, uniting in one source the law of gravitation and the Golden Rule. At last we see that the student of nature is a devotee, that science has its altar and shrine and even its noble army of martyrs. It seems that these fields have become, in a certain very true sense, religious just at the right time, to bring a new and absorbing interest into the church. What doctrine our day has so thoroughly aroused attention as that of evolution? There are sermons in stones now, most assuredly. The lightnings are God's ministers and the heavens declare his glory.

It is the part of the church to become more and more a school, a school of religion, to tie together and develop in the unity of a common and mutually helpful growth the scattered fragments of the human creature. The desideratum is not merely a spiritual, not merely a moral, not merely an intellectual life, but the three in one. Either of these, as we know, may quite outgrow the others in personal experience. Some become pious without becoming either upright or intelligent; others, weak in reverence and inferior in mind, are strictly moral; and you will meet with bright people who give small indication of either heart or conscience. But every such instance elicits a spontaneous protest. We are impressed with what is lacking more than with what is present, and even that which is present seems to want something. Piety is never what it should be till it is grounded in practical ethics; worship, to be at its best, must be intelligent. So with morality; it is helped by reverence, it is helped by knowledge. And for the best condition of the intellect there needs regularity of life, and the reverent spirit. So the three sides of man render reciprocal service, and conspire together to promote the best condition under either aspect. As to which of these is the weak side in the church of these days, it seems to me there can be no doubt. More than anything else the church needs a revival of common sense, an awakening of the human understanding. Unitarianism has had this for its mission, and Unitarians have no occasion to apologize for it. Any change of base, for the sake of making another emphasis, cannot fail to be disastrous. Shall we not insist on worship? Yes. And on morals? Surely. But no church neglects these. What they do mostly neglect is high thinking, and for this our church has especially stood, and I trust will stand. This is its *raison d'être*. We do not expect our church to produce saintlier souls than have been produced under the old order. We do not expect it to develop a nobler self-sacrifice or a diviner benevolence than is manifested in other communions all about us. We could all be as good as we are, and as pious as we are, I suppose, in any one of a dozen other and more venerable connections. What we could not be there, is that for which we are Unitarians. And what is this distinctive quality? It is the quality of being free, open to all the light of God's day. And our distinctive gain must nearly sum itself up in this—a larger intellectual life.

There are three words that have become famous among us in the last four years, not from any novelty they have in them, but from the simplicity and clearness with which they suggest the three-fold aim of religion,—three words, always sacred, and not in danger with us of becoming any less so,—truth, righteousness, and love. They are correlates of the three sides of our nature of which I have spoken, the mental, the

moral, the spiritual. In the familiar order of their arrangement reference seems to have been had to the providential office of our church. We do not say that one or another of these three things is greatest. We put "truth" first, because it connotes the principal service that our body has rendered, and is destined to render, to the world.

The task I assigned myself was to point out the need of more intellectual life in our churches; it remains to make a few suggestions as to how that need may be met. I think we already have the credit, generally, of preaching sufficiently thoughtful sermons. But there is a thoughtfulness that is dreamy and dull, and another thoughtfulness that deals with actual things, attracts and stimulates the listener. The man who gets hold of reality, who reads and interprets the living world, can hardly fail to awaken interest, nor need he have any fear of overloading his sermon with ideas. It is not the fullness of the sermon that tires, it is the emptiness of it, or, what is practically the same thing, its irrelevancy to the hour in which we live. The trouble with most preaching is that it deals too much in fancies, and too little in facts; lack of knowledge of nature and of history being made up by heavy drafts on the inner consciousness. It shows too many signs of having been ground out. More sermons about men and things, about books, about the movements of thought in the world, about the wonders of science, would do good. The lament of most of us who see this opportunity is, that we have not a wider knowledge to meet it. We could well forego no end of church history, and patriotic lore that we learned in school, for the sake of a little more botany or biology.

The sermon can be made a great educator, but there are other instrumentalities hardly less important. Clubs for special studies, now so common in our churches, have proved of exceeding service, rousing the energies of young and old, leading to an amount of reading and investigation as surprising as it is gratifying. A very considerable measure of intelligence has been thus awakened to reward its possessors with a pure joy, and to become a living force in the world. This is a work which must grow from more to more.

One of the best results of the Club work is the bringing to light of more or less literary faculty. People may meet and mingle a long time in ordinary social or church life without suspecting one another of the possession of any such gifts, to the great loss of all concerned. It is a pleasure to find and appreciate an excellence in our fellows, and a no less legitimate pleasure to be found out and appreciated. It adds profoundly to our mutual respect and to the dignity and influence of the circle. There is also strong stimulus to endeavor in the discovery of these unlooked for powers. The minister's sermon gets a quickening impulse from essays read in the club. When others are so well awake he must not be napping. So, too, it comes to be found that, in the wide diversity of gifts latent in the church, there is that of prophecy, the power to speak the word of life; and the pastor can on occasion pick up a supply out of his own flock. Thus the barriers that used to girt the sacred calling dissolve away like those that separated the chosen people from the rest of mankind, or the holy book from every other word of truth.

The full development of this system of religious education is not yet, though in some of our churches it is far advanced. The idea is to give to the church on the side that looks mind-ward the character of a school. The building is to have lecture-rooms, furnished with apparatus for illustration; and enthusiasts in science and lovers of literature in the society are to sit in the chairs of professors. The church of my dreams has at least six study-classes, with one to meet every evening in the

week; to one or more of which every member of the congregation belongs, excepting, perhaps children who are attending school. With that scheme something is sure to be done.

People will say they have not time for these things in this modern rushing world. We must insist that they take the time. It is a blessing to most men to have their minds diverted from their all too absorbing daily tasks. We are doing God service simply in keeping them from business an hour a day. The common laborer insists, as employers in Chicago are well aware, that eight hours a day is long enough for him to work. It is coming to be generally conceded that he is right. Why then should the employer, the professional, the business man put in more hours of toil, be more of a drudge than the employé? It is not ordinarily from necessity he does it, but from the love of gain, the passion to get rich as fast as his neighbors, or faster. The Church does a good thing when, by any means, it weakens by ever so little the grip of this passion upon a human mind. Soon or late the subject of the amelioration is sure to be grateful.

Aesop's fable of the Ant and the Cricket, made familiar to us by the imitating but inimitable La Fontaine, may well apply to the laying up of other than material stores. Man does not live by bread alone, and there comes a winter to us all when he needs to fall back on some undecaying resources. Have we not seen people, rich people, who, as that season came on, reminded us of the poor cricket; people who have spent the strength of their days in accumulating only the outward semblances of things, and find themselves at the last suffering from a hunger they have no means of satisfying? The cricket was in a sorry strait. She went to a neighboring ant, begging her to lend enough to carry her through to the harvest. But it was of no use, the ant cannot lend. This seems hard as applied to food that keeps from starving, but as to mental things the refusal is inevitable. The mind cannot lend itself, or any least part of the discipline it has received.

La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse,  
C'est la sou moindre défaut,  
Que fâsiez-vous au temps chaud  
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.

You know the answer. Absorbed in the present the improvident cricket had not thought of the future. It is the old cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved;" heard from too many going down the westward declivity of life, with purses plethoric, it may be, and minds empty. "Never too old to learn," "Never too late to mend," are a pair of preposterous proverbs with which we seek to hoodwink relentless destiny. What we can say with truth is: "Never too late for him to learn who has been always learning." And about the same is all we can safely affirm of the mending.

### Correspondence.

#### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR—CENSUS OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:

Dear Sir:—Will you allow me through your columns to call the attention of the pastors and officers of Unitarian churches to the fact that a census of the religious denominations is being taken, and that a call will shortly be made upon them for the statistics of their congregations? The information asked for by the government is embraced under seven heads.

The name of congregation, or mission, or station;

The name of the city, town or village, and of the county in which it is situated;

The number of edifices;

Seating capacity of edifices;

The value of church property;

The number of communicants or members;

I will shortly send to the pastor or chief officer of each Unitarian church,

according to the list given in the *Unitarian Year Book* for 1890, a circular on which is printed an explanation of the inquiries asked, and which has blank spaces for statistics. I wish particularly to urge those receiving this circular to give it prompt attention, and to fill it out at the earliest possible moment and return to me. I wish to get every Unitarian church, mission or station in this country, and to have the inquiries concerning each answered as fully and accurately as possible. I will esteem it a special favor if those knowing of Unitarian organizations, which are not given in the list in the Year Book will notify me of the location of such organizations, and will give me the name and address of some one in each with whom I may correspond.

Very respectfully,

H. K. CARROLL,  
Special Agent Eleventh Census.  
PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 21, 1890.

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## Notes from the Field.

### The Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

The Board met June 5, Mrs. Woolley in the chair. Present, Mrs. McConnell, Jones, West, Boyeson and Miss Hilton. Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. An indebtedness of \$17.00 was ordered paid.

The resignation of Mrs. Marean from the committee on Disbanding was presented, and it was moved: That the resignation be accepted, and that she be asked to serve instead, as chairman of the committee to consider joining the Alliance. Carried. Other members on this committee were: Mrs. Shears, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. West, Miss Dupee; Mrs. West resigning from committee on Disbanding, and being transferred to the Alliance committee. The committee on Disbanding now stands as altered by the Board: Miss Murdock, Mrs. Learned, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Tupper, Mrs. Savage.

The resignation of Mrs. Warren as director and Treasurer of the Conference was presented and accepted. Mrs. Woolley was elected her successor on the Board, and the Secretary asked to continue as Treasurer. Mrs. Dupee's resignation was also offered and accepted. Mrs. Wilkinson was elected her successor.

The invitation from the Western Conference Board to hold a joint session with that body in September was accepted. Voted: That the Secretary draw up a circular to state what it is to become a member of our Conference. Voted: That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to meet with the Unitarian Club next Thursday at 2:30 P. M., to consult with the same about some organization to take the place of the Chicago Woman's Unitarian Association which has disbanded; this committee to report to the Board. Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Loveday, and Mrs. Wilkinson were appointed. The Board adjourned.

FLORENCE HILTON, SEC'Y.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

FROM MAY 6th, 1890, TO JUNE 5th, 1890.

#### RECEIPTS.

To balance May 6.....	\$ 30 03
" contributions and sale of tracts.....	10 21
" memberships.....	54 00
	\$ 94 24

#### PAYMENTS.

By stationery, printing, etc.....	\$ 19 05
" postage and tracts.....	5 87
" rent and expenses.....	18 00
" secretary's salary.....	16 00
" balance June 5.....	35 32
	\$ 94 24

**In Memoriam.**—The First Unitarian church of Salem, Mass., has issued, in pamphlet form, a full account of the tender and impressive memorial services held Jan. 20, 1889, in honor of its late pastor and beloved friend, Rev. Fielder Israel. Nearly all the clergymen of the city of whatever name, were present, besides others from out of town. The forty pages of the memorial pamphlet are full of touching and eloquent tributes to the generous, devoted pastor, the "great-souled, true-hearted, invaluable man." Rev. S. C. Beane, of Newburyport, said of him: "In the mission churches of northern New England where he often gave his services, he was hailed as one of the most effective of preachers; and in the grove at Lakeside, at Weirs, his sensitive soul, set free from usual conditions, every nerve touched by the influences of nature and the eager, sunlit faces before him, he became a man of wonderful power. His sermons not only vibrated with high sentiment and sympathetic emotion, but often soared to lofty intellectual heights." This recalls some of the camp-meeting experiences of his early years when we knew him in the Methodist church. One of the lovely things about our dear friend, Fielder Israel, was the touching interest he cherished to the last in his mother church, from which only loyalty to conviction could have separated him. The West owes him grateful remembrance for the staunch way in which he stood for the principle of Open Fellowship whenever and wherever the position of the Western Conference was challenged. The memorial pamphlet includes a sonnet in memory of him by his friend, Lydia L. A. Very, who says of him—

"Thy words were kindly, and thy daily deeds  
Were constant blessings; thy whole life a  
prayer.  
Thy death has cast a shadow over those  
Who met thee daily with the pleasant smile.  
Dumb creatures loved thee, for thou wert  
their friend.  
Thy child-like heart ne'er knew a thought of  
guile.  
Thou hadst a sympathy that reached to all;  
From none withheld thy words of hope and  
cheer."

**Sioux City, Iowa.**—The Sioux City *Journal* reports interesting memorial services at the Unitarian church, on Sunday, May 25. Rev. E. E. Gordon talked to the children, and the old folks listened with quickened memories as she told of "The Lessons taught to a Child by the Civil War." Fortunate, indeed, was the audience that listened to the tender, touching and very practical words of the address. It concluded as follows: "But the grandest of all lessons that we learned was the lesson of faith in ideals. We learned to know that there is something in the world worth dying for, and what is more important, something worth living for. That there is personal honor, de-

votion to truth and duty; and when the test comes nothing counts but faithfulness to these ideals. Surely the time which teaches such lessons as these I have spoken of to its children, is not all bad. Don't say there is nothing to-day to test your strength and wish you had lived in heroic times. Think not that all warfare is over. These elder brothers of yours, in whose honor we meet to-day, gave their lives to save the country. To you is given the harder labor of keeping it safe. If you do your duty in the future as well as they did theirs in the past, you too will need to learn the lessons of self-denial and self-reliance. You will need to keep your faith in ideals."

—Rev. Mary A. Safford spoke in the student's lecture course recently at Vermillion, S. D., on the poet Whittier. A local paper says: "The speaker riveted the attention of the audience at the beginning, and held it unbroken until the close." Miss Safford was accompanied by Miss Adele Fuchs, of Sioux City, an accomplished singer, whose singing did not disappoint the expectations of her audience.

—The Unity club work of Unity church, has set up a high standard of excellence in Sioux City, and has become the inspiration of other clubs. At a meeting recently held under the auspices of the First Congregational church, for the purpose of forming a literary society, the determination was expressed to have a programme that would rank with the literary work of Unity club. Thus they provoke one another to good works.

**Boston.**—The officers of the A. U. A., and the visitors to the denominational building, talk cheerfully of the results of anniversary week and of the prospects of an enlarged income for the ensuing year.

—Rev. A. D. Mayo will, during the coming summer, as in past years, preach before the Y. M. C. U. on Sunday evenings. Soon he will reach Boston, after his lengthened lecturing tour in the interests of southern public schools.

—Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant and Rev. Brooke Herford sailed by the "Cephalonia" from Boston Saturday last, for Liverpool.

—Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who represents the Free Religious Association, said at one of the anniversary meetings that the destructive work of the radicals is now done; the constructive work has already begun.

—The Meadville Theological School has received further donations for the "James Freeman Clark Fund," making \$26,212.

—In Japan, Messrs. Knapp and MacCauley lately made their first missionary visit to an interior town. In May they were to start on an extended tour, by invitation of liberal thinkers.

**The Unitarian Club of Philadelphia.**—From Henry L. Child, secretary of the club, we learn that the Council of the Unitarian Club of Philadelphia recently presented to the Council of the National Conference an earnest request that the next meeting of the Conference be held in one of the large cities, and an invitation to again accept the hospitality of Philadelphia, with a promise to do everything possible to make the meeting as great a success as that of last year. The greater publicity given the proceedings through the newspapers, and the increased attendance of persons not Unitarians, makes the choice of one of the great cities for such meetings almost a matter of necessity, certainly one of utility.

**St. Joseph, Mo.**—Late St. Joseph papers bring news of a brilliant Japanese wedding in the Unitarian Church. The contracting parties were Miss Katisha and Mr. Koko of "The Mikado" opera company. The exercises wound up with an elaborate banquet, which was concluded by a recitation from Rev. Mr. Grumbine. A sermon by Mr. Grumbine on Hell and Heaven, recently published in the St. Joseph papers has brought a caustic reply from one of his readers, whose animus may be inferred from his exhortation to Mr. Grumbine "to go to God and get saved before attempting to preach to sinners." This in turn provokes one of the assailed minister's friends to come to his defense in a brief article, and so the war rages at St. Joseph.

**Rochester, N. Y.**—The June Bulletin of the Rochester Society comes to hand, making announcements for the current month, and telling the story of the year's work in the church. The pastor rejoices in the fact that the removal of stained glass from the great end-window of the chapel lets in more light, and he suggests a further change in windows, by which still more of that precious commodity may be secured to the church. Well, more light is what we are all after. If only some contrivance of windows could give it to us, how simple the problem would become! The little poem "Sun Gleams," printed on page 135, is another token of the shining of the spirit into the hearts of men.

**Ramona Ranch, Blakeley, Montana.**—We were pleased last week to get direct word from the "Montana Industrial School for Crow Indians," in care of Rev. H. F. Bond, through Mr. L. E. Brown, of whom Mr. Bond writes: "He has been my right hand man for the past year, and leaves here with much zeal for Unitarian work, and with desire to prepare for, and enter our ministry." Mr. Brown gave an interesting account of work done by himself in the P. O. M. in Montana. He has gone to his home in Penn., and contemplates a course at Meadville.

**Andover, N. H.**—The Graduating Exercises of Proctor Academy took place June 6th. A large assembly of the friends of the school were present and enjoyed the reading of the

parts, which were by two young gentlemen and four ladies. Mr. J. C. A. Hill, of Concord, presented the diplomas. The condition of the school reflects much credit on the management of True W. White, A. B., Principal. The attendance has steadily increased during the previous three terms. Fifty-seven different pupils have been members of the school during the year.

**Correction.**—Some inaccuracies having occurred in the official announcement of the committee on Permanent Endowment Fund, of the W. U. C., we here present the names of said committee, as appointed by the conference at its last session, viz: John Wilkinson, chairman, Chicago; John M. Ware, secretary, Chicago; J. D. Ludden, St. Paul; Thomas L. Johnson, Cleveland; J. M. Good, St. Louis; Miss Emma Dupee, Chicago; Rev. E. T. Wilkes, Luverne; and the Board of Directors *ex officio*.

**Monroe, Wis.**—Rev. L. W. Sprague writes of the increasing interest of his missionary movement at Brodhead, Wis., and of the recent resumption of services at Warren, Ill., to be conducted by himself and Mrs. Sprague, fortnightly. On Sunday, the 8th, Mr. Sprague preached at Madison, Mrs. Sprague taking his place at Monroe and Brodhead.

**Albany, Wis.**—Arrangements have been made for a month's preaching at Albany by Mr. Hangerud, of the class recently graduated from the Meadville Theological School. The graduating address by Mr. Hangerud was highly spoken of by the Meadville papers.

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*Mon.*—Set foot on some one path to heaven.  
*Tues.*—Live in harmony with truth.  
*Wed.*—All good things are ours.  
*Thurs.*—Look not thou down, but up.  
*Fri.*—The Voice said, "Call my works thy friends."  
*Sat.*—Who conquers mildly, God benignly regardeth.

Robert Browning.

### THE BLESSING.

Not to the man of dollars,  
 Not to the man of deeds;  
 Not to the man of cunning,  
 Not to the man of creeds;  
 Not in neglect of duty,  
 Not in the monarch's crown;  
 Not at the smile of beauty,  
 Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit  
 Yearns for the great and good;  
 Unto the one whose storehouse  
 Yieldeth the hungry food;  
 Unto the one who labors,  
 Fearless of foe or frown;  
 Unto the kindly hearted,  
 Cometh a blessing down.

—Selected

### BIRD NOTES.

We have some trees, and were on the ground before any other people came near us; the birds finding we were their friends, have come and made their homes here too. I am not going to try the long, hard names you can find in study-books, but will tell we have robins, blue-birds, thrushes, little chippies, the red-headed woodpecker, besides the yellow-winged and the black and white woodpecker; the blue jay, black birds of different kinds, a red bird with black wings and tail, a kind of oriole, black and dark yellowish red, a bright yellow bird with black wings and tail, and a red-orange with black wings and tail, besides little creatures of a greenish yellow color, and the humming bird. We have also seen a few wrens, and others. This is in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

One summer, the little, graceful chippies came to the lilac-bush with their first straw or hair for a nest, and as the bush was in a corner, where we could see every move from the pantry window on one side, or sitting-room window on another side, it was a most interesting and instructive study to watch them until the house-keeping was all done, and the birdies ready to fly. Their eggs are small and white, speckled with brown.

It was but a few days before the nest was perfect and the first egg put into it; then but a short time when four eggs were there, and the hatching began. In three weeks the first little bird came; then another, and another, until all were out. Then, came anxiety and care, which all mothers will understand. Such a flying back and forth with food. Generally a light green, fat worm was put into wide open mouths, which then would close for a short time and quiet would follow; but in a few minutes all would be astir again and one or the other of the old birds would be on hand to do the house-cleaning. First they would lift up the babies with their bills, and pick out and carry away everything that littered the bottom of the nest. What they carried off looked like toasted cheese; and when all was made tidy, the feeding began again.

So they grew and thrived by careful watching day and night; but there were boys around with slings, and cats with green eyes and terrible claws, besides ourselves, who would not injure them intentionally; so they were many times made afraid. When the wee little things began to peep, and filled the nest too full for holding them, it was with perfectly resigned and happy looks that the father and mother took their stations on twigs above the nest, and with heads lifted skyward, thanked God for such happiness as parents only know. One time, when they were trying to fly, we helped, just a little, by raising one up with a finger, when away another flew to a tree several

yards off, and the others got into all manner of trouble in the grass below, while the parents tried in all ways to get them back into the nest again. As soon as we had helped them into it, out they come again. Finally we put them all into a large glass jar, and then there was fun to see them try to get out for their worms, which they could see outside but not get, while the old birds tried to coax them out. One by one they got out, and after much peeping they left the clean nest to us, but we were quite sure they visited it and us many times afterward.

The next summer came the blue birds and built their home in the hollow of an old tree, which the peckers had dug out before. The nest was nicely hidden from the boys who prowled around for them, but still they had many anxious hours. We saw the first straw for this also. The eggs were a blue-green color and a little larger than the chippies' eggs. Here was united, hard labor again; first, when the nest-making was going on, and then when the hungry, wide, yellow mouths pointed up for food. In their funny, naked bodies, one could see the digestion going on; they seemed all stomach and mouth, with a tuft or two of hair-feathers. They grew fast, however, and something more like soul soon took form.

We left home one day, but had noticed before going a peculiar watchful appearance in the father and mother bird; the father had his feathers huddled close to his body and stood almost on the tip of his tail; the mother had a care-worn look, and was near him on the shed-roof, fluttering strangely and often visiting the tree where the nest was. We thought they were all going, and we did not find any when we returned; but they all came around next morning. One egg, we think, had fallen out of the nest and been broken, so there were but three great-eyed, little ones that lighted on the ground under the kitchen window, waiting to be fed by their parents. Then, as they stayed for a nap, one of us sketched them, and afterwards painted them in water colors, and it is quite a pretty picture; certainly, true to life, and is called, "Waiting for Breakfast." M. A. C.

Our life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pick a flower.—Thoreau.

## DON'T GIVE UP

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### Cured Me.

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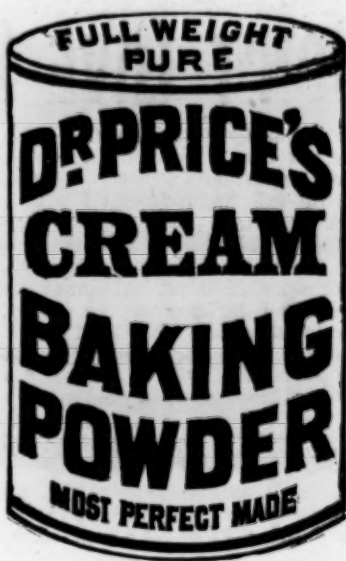
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